The Radiator Hums

Cursive

Dinner's getting cold
You haven't touched a thing
So what's it gonna be?
I can hold out much longer than you
When it's steady, I'm just acting out my roles
When you're ready, I'll be walking out that door
And don't call me, pretty baby anymore
Oh, foolish worker bee, I'm your fucking queen
I threw out the phone to try to get through to you
The lines are down, drowned by the hum of the radiator
This house is the hole that you could never fill
With rose blossomed bouquets, vanities and love seats
Sad little boy, I know you get confused
But everyone goes through these trials of truth and self-abuse
When you're selfless you're so hard not to adore
When you're selfish, I just love you even more
I want to help you but you've got to say the words
"I want to be cured"
Drowned deep in this hole we've dug for ourselves
Throw me in headfirst, submerged in this great depression
Impoverished and impotent and don't call me pretty baby
I threw out the phone to try to get through to you
The lines are down, drowned by the hum of the radiator
This house is the hole that you could never fill
With shattered dinner plates that's how we'll communicate
Hey, pretty baby, are you ready for bed?

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